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## WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

In speaking of Wordsworth as an eminent English poet, it is usually forgotten that, but for the circumstance of his having had a loving sister, who was for many years his friend and counsellor, he would not probably have written some of his finest pieces. Dorothy Wordsworth was about as poetical as her brother, but aspired only to advise and almost worship him. Talking and making rambling excursions together, looking at hills, valleys, rivers, trees, flowers, and other pleasing natural objects, the two, forming a sort of partnership in the realms of fancy, struck out original ideas—Dorothy very often taking the lead in seizing on subjects for composition. In the ordinary Lives of Wordsworth, we hear little of Dorothy, and it is only now that justice has been done by the publication of her *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*, in 1803, issued under the effective editorship of Professor Shairp, LL.D. of St Andrews. From this, and other sources, we will try in a brief and familiar way to tell the story of the brother and sister. Their mutual help and friendly regard form an agreeable incident in literature, perhaps only equalled by the similar affection which prevailed between Charles Lamb and his sister.

The Wordsworths belonged to a middle-class family in Cumberland. The father was a country attorney and land-agent to the first Lord Lonsdale. He had five children, of whom William, born at Cockermouth in 1770, was the second. Dorothy was a year younger. Unhappily the children lost their mother in 1778, while they were all young, and a still greater misfortune overtook them in the death of their father in 1780. Being left in rather poor circumstances, but with some contested claims against Lord Lonsdale, they were thrown on the bounty of friends and relatives. William received the elements of his education at a school in the vale of Esthwaite, amidst the Cumberland hills, and hence, probably, his life-long attachment to the 'lake country.' Afterwards, he for four years attended St John's College, Cambridge. Separated from Dorothy by family disasters and by his course

of study, he had not the pleasure of her society until 1788, when, returning to old haunts, he pried with her into Yorkshire dales, and from the heights of Cumberland looked northward on the dim mountain-regions of Scotland. In 1790, he made a pedestrian tour through France, then in the early fervours of its great Revolution. His sympathy was first with the principles of the revolutionists, but he was shocked with their proceedings, and in after-life, as was the case with many others, embraced views of a very opposite character.

Returning to England, he had to think of following some profession. His friends wished him to take holy orders, but this step he disliked. He equally objected to the law, and writing for the newspaper press appeared the only eligible pursuit. While pondering on this hazardous experiment, he visited his sister, and in her calming society travelled on foot from Grasmere to Keswick. A fortunate windfall turned the current of his thoughts, as well as future life. A young friend, Raisley Calvert, whom he helped to nurse in illness, died, leaving Wordsworth a legacy of nine hundred pounds. Of this sum part was laid out in an annuity, and part reserved for immediate wants, exclusive of one hundred pounds as a legacy to Dorothy. With this provision, and some small aid from literature, the brother and sister contrived to live for seven or eight years. 'Thus, at this juncture of the poet's fate,' as Dr Shairp observes, 'when to onlookers he must have seemed, both outwardly and inwardly, well nigh bankrupt, Raisley Calvert's bequest came to supply his material needs, and to his inward needs his sister became the best earthly minister. The high hopes awakened in him by the French Revolution had been dashed, and his spirit, darkened and depressed, was on the verge of despair. He might have become such a man as he has pictured in the character of "The Solitary." But a good Providence brought his sister to his side and saved him. She discerned his real need, and divined the remedy. By her cheerful society, fine tact, and vivid love of nature, she turned him, depressed and bewildered, alike from the abstract

speculations and the contemporary politics in which he had got immersed, and directed his thoughts towards the truth of poetry, and the face of nature, and the healing that for him lay in these.' It was by such social converse, as well as wanderings together, that, as the poet says, he was indebted:

To those sweet counsels between head and heart  
Whence genuine knowledge grew.

No wonder that he acknowledges Dorothy's services in the lines:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.

The brother and sister first settled in a retired home in Dorsetshire in 1795, and there Wordsworth wrote several poems which he subsequently incorporated in *The Excursion*. Two years later they removed to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, to be near that wayward poetic being, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who had established himself some three miles off at Nether-Stowey. Out of the intimacy thus begun, came the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, as a joint adventure of the two poets. The first piece in the volume was Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' now the best known and most appreciated of his works. After some continental rambles, Wordsworth, in 1800, removed with his household to Grasmere, and here he resided with his sister for eight years. Their prospects were considerably brightened by the death of old Lord Lonsdale, and the settlement of the family claim by his successor. The sum paid was about eight thousand pounds, of which Wordsworth and Dorothy received their share. The money must have been very acceptable, for by this time Raisley Calvert's legacy was pretty nigh expended, and as yet no great sum had been produced by literary labour. The mode of living of the brother and sister remained on a plain, frugal scale. They often took little excursions, in which subjects for poetic effusions cast up under Dorothy's acute observation; and when the poems were written, she transcribed them for the press. An important event occurred in 1802. Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a friend of his sister, and whose beauty is sung in the lines: 'She was a phantom of delight!' The introduction of Mary did not greatly alter domestic arrangements. The young wife shared in the household duties with Dorothy, each in other respects keeping her proper place. The family was a happy trio, and it continued so. There was, however, no large establishment to manage. The house was a cottage of limited dimensions. The small sitting-room, wainscoted, had a single window with diamond-shaped panes. Above, there was a little drawing-room with a 'half-kitchen and half-parlour fire,' not fully seven feet six inches high in the ceiling. In a small recess, there was a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which constituted the poet's study and composing-room. Outside, there were roses and

honeysuckles on the walls—the whole indicating a simple rustic establishment. The habits of the family corresponded to this modest *ménage*—an early dinner, and tea about six o'clock. No pretentious style was kept up. A visitor has said: 'Contrasting the dignity of the man with this honourable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all effort to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increased.'

As an adviser-general, and with an irrepressible love of natural scenery, Dorothy still went off in excursions with her brother. The longest and most interesting of these was the journey into Scotland in the autumn of 1803, on which occasion Mrs Wordsworth was detained at home by the duty of nursing her first child. Coleridge, who had spent some time in Germany, immersed in metaphysical studies, made his appearance in time to participate in the Scotch tour, which, as will be immediately seen, was carried out in a somewhat primitive but independent scale. At that time there were, of course, no railways, and even few stage-coaches to rely on. A horse and car were hired for the journey—the horse not good for much; it jibbed at awkward parts of the road, and was otherwise troublesome. Little attention was paid to dress. Wordsworth was in a dingy russet suit, with a broad flapping straw hat to protect his weak eyes; Dorothy in a little jacket and cloak. Of Coleridge's exterior we do not hear any particulars. The party set out by way of Carlisle, and entered Scotland by crossing the small river Sark, near Gretna. Dorothy is the narrator of all that was seen. She writes simply, and in the form of a diary. We can only give a few extracts. Speaking of Dumfries, she says: 'Went to the churchyard where Burns is buried. A bookseller accompanied us. He shewed us the outside of Burns's house, where he lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; white-washed, dirty about the doors, as almost all Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the windows. Went on to visit his grave. He lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot, but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended on some sort of monument. "There," said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, "there lies Mr Such-a-one"—I have forgotten his name—"a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and hardly ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest, as you see." We looked at the grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses:

Is there a man whose judgment clear  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life's mad career

Wild as the wave?  
Here let him pause, and through a tear  
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow

And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stained his name.

When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's house. Mrs Burns was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the servant-maid at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite to the window a clock, and over the desk a print from the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, which Burns mentions in one of his letters having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone, scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son after him in the same room. The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of "Wallace."

From Dumfries the party jogged on their way up Nithsdale. The remarks made by Dorothy here and elsewhere in the journey, regarding the open heaths, the want of plantations, and the shabbiness of the accommodation at the roadside inns, all offer a striking evidence of the still backward state of the country, to which the present state of advancement offers a prodigious contrast. Unless to persons who remember what Scotland was seventy years ago, the two things appear irreconcilable. Leaving the banks of the Nith, and getting on towards the higher region of Leadhills, Dorothy graphically pictures the scenery.

'The hills were pastoral, but we did not see many sheep; green smooth turf on the left, no ferns. On the right the heath-plant grew in abundance, of the most exquisite colour; it covered a whole hill-side, or it was in streams and patches. We travelled along the vale without appearing to ascend for some miles; all the reaches were beautiful, in exquisite proportion, the hill seeming very high from being so near to us. It might have seemed a valley which nature had kept to herself for pensive thoughts and tender feelings, but that we were reminded at every turning of the road of something beyond, by the coal-carts which were travelling towards us. Though these carts broke in upon the tranquillity of the glen, they added much to the picturesque effect of the different views, which indeed, wanted nothing, though perfectly bare, houseless, and treeless. Just as we began to climb the hill we saw three boys who came down the cleft of a brow on our left; one carried a fishing-rod, and the hats of all were braided with honeysuckles; they ran after one another as wanton as the wind. I cannot express what a character of beauty those few honeysuckles in the hats of the three boys gave to the place; what bower could they have come from? We walked up the hill, met two well-dressed travellers, the woman barefoot. Our little lads, before they had gone far, were joined by some half-dozen of their companions, all without shoes and stockings. They told us they lived at Wanlockhead, the village above, pointing to the top of the hill; they went to school and learned Latin, Virgil, and some of them Greek, Homer; but when Coleridge began to inquire further, off they ran, poor things! I suppose afraid of being examined.'

In the descriptions offered, Coleridge does not cut an interesting figure. He was often drowsy, and did not seem to care about hills, waterfalls, or other imposing objects. He would have been

more at his ease sitting by the fireside, discussing philosophical theories. At all times in the journey he seems out of place, an encumbrance. By way of Lanark, to see Cora Lin, the party got to Hamilton, where, by some stupid arrangements, they were not allowed to see the inside of the palace of the duke, with its wonderfully fine picture by Rubens, 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.' They then got on to Glasgow, where they were accommodated at a quiet and tolerably cheap inn—Dorothy glad to get some sort of refuge from the noisy carts and disagreeable objects near the highway. Glasgow had already begun to shew indications of commercial prosperity. 'One thing must strike every stranger in his first walk through Glasgow—an appearance of business and bustle, but no coaches or gentlemen's carriages; during all the time we walked the streets, I only saw three carriages, and they were travelling chaises. I also could not but observe a want of cleanliness in the appearance of the lower orders of the people, and a dullness in the dress and outside of the whole mass, as they moved along. We returned to the inn before it was dark. I had a bad headache, and was tired, and we all went to bed soon.'

Pursuing the valley of the Clyde to Dumbarton, they at length enter the Highlands at Loch Lomond. At the village of Luss 'we saw potatoes and cabbages, but never a honeysuckle. Yet there were wild gardens, as beautiful as any that ever man cultivated, overgrowing the roofs of some of the cottages, flowers and creeping plants. How elegant were the wreaths of the bramble, that built its own bower upon the riggins in several parts of the village; therefore, we had chiefly to regret the want of gardens, as they are symptoms of leisure and comfort, or at least, of no painful industry.' Dorothy was a little surprised at the spectacle of human dwellings without windows, and the smoke coming out by a hole in the thatched roof. These and other deficiencies were compensated to the tourists by the view of Loch Lomond. 'On a splendid evening, with the light of the sun diffused over the whole islands, distant hills, and the broad expanse of the lake, with its creeks, bays, and little slips of water among the islands, it must be a glorious sight.'

In a scrambling way, and often put to straits in a country as yet unknown to the mass of tourists, the party got to Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Inverary, Glencoe, and on by Dunkeld and Stirling to Edinburgh. In point of scenery and places of note, the excursion was full of interest. On reaching Edinburgh, 'drove to the *White Hart* in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the castle, which luckily was very near.' Next day they climbed Arthur's Seat, and, sitting down near St Anthony's Chapel, indulged in a view of the city, with its picturesque outlines. Dorothy is in raptures. 'It was impossible to think of anything little or mean; the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or every-day city business. The impression was like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad and Balsora, when we have been reading the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.' On the day following, to Roslin, and walked by Hawthornden

to Lasswade to visit Walter Scott, who, until this time, was only known by his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The interview was agreeable. 'Arrived at Lasswade before Mr and Mrs Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting-room. Breakfasted with them, and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr Scott accompanied us back almost to Roslin, having given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after.'

The party proceeded southwards by Peebles and the vale of Tweed. It was now that Wordsworth saw Neidpath Castle, and deploring the recent destruction of the woods around, wrote the celebrated lines denunciatory of the Duke of Queensberry. At Clovenford, the pleasure of turning aside to Yarrow was reserved for a future occasion; hence the poem, 'Yarrow Unvisited.' At Melrose, they had a cordial greeting from Scott, were escorted by him to see the ruined abbey, and dined with him at the inn—he being on his way to a Circuit Court at Jedburgh. There they again met him, when, for their gratification, he repeated a part of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Scott walked with them up the valley of the Jed. 'We were,' says Dorothy, 'accompanied by a young man from the Braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Scott's, who having been much delighted with some of William's poems, which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him; he lived in the most retired part of the dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm; he was fond of reading, and well informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in appearance.' This was Scott's attached friend, Willie Laidlaw, author of the charming lyric, *Lucy's Flitting*. Our limited space forbids further notice of the journey, which ended in recrossing the Border on the 24th September.

Wordsworth ultimately settled with his family at Rydal Mount in 1813. Next year he was able to make another tour to Scotland, when he first visited Yarrow. He was accompanied by his wife and her sister. Dorothy—whom he usually addressed as Dora—did not accompany him—remaining at home, probably to tend the children. Again, there was a visit to Yarrow in 1831, when Wordsworth had his daughter with him, also the company of Sir Walter Scott, now in declining health. Poor Dorothy was incapable of any exertion. In 1829 she was seized with an illness in which her mind succumbed. For twenty-six years she lived, but was dead to the world. Professor Shairp's remarks on this calamity can scarcely be read without emotion:

'The increasing strain of years had at last worn out that buoyant frame and fervent spirit. She had given herself to one work, and that work was done. To some it may seem a commonplace one—to live in and for her brother, to do him a sister's duty. With original powers which, had she chosen to set up on her own account, might have won for her high literary fame, she was content to forget herself, to merge all her gifts and all her interests in those of her brother. She thus made him other and higher than he could have been had he stood alone, and enabled him to render better service to the world than without her ministry he could have done. With this she was well content. It is sad to think that when the world at last knew him for what he was, the great original poet of this century,

she who had helped to make him so was almost past rejoicing in it. It is said that during those latter years he never spoke of her without his voice being sensibly softened and saddened. The return of the day when the two first came to Grasmere was to him a solemn anniversary.'

Raised to distinction by his poems, appointed poet-laureate on the death of his friend, Southey, in 1843, Wordsworth survived till 1850, when he closed a life so pure and serene, and so devoted to a lofty purpose, that we must go back to Milton to find his parallel. Dorothy outlived her brother five years. She died at Rydal Mount in January 1855, at eighty-three years of age. Considering her condition, it was a happy removal. Those who wish to read of true sisterly and brotherly affection, should peruse the tastefully edited work of Professor Shairp. 'It is worth a hundred of the modern fictions with which the world is deluged.'

W. C.

### THE DEADLY CREEK.

THERE is no more pleasant moment in a seaman's life than when he finds himself for the first time the master of a ship. It is a nervous moment too, and puts a man considerably upon his mettle: he feels as if he had the weight of the world upon his shoulders, and is absurdly anxious lest anything should go wrong. Those were my feelings, at all events, as I found myself leaving the white cliffs of old England behind me, and the Channel pilot making for shore in the cutter that had taken him off.

In the first place, I must give you some account of my craft. She was a new iron screw, called the *Orient*, long and low, with two funnels. She was built for the Black Sea trade, and was meant to take in corn in the Danube ports, and bring home her cargo without breaking bulk; and as you couldn't then reckon on over two fathoms' water over the Sulina bar, she was built accordingly. It was my first command, as I've told you; and I was a young man, not more than twenty-five, although I had been some fifteen years a sailor. After my craft, I came to my passengers. I had only one, as it happened, but I thought as much of that one as if she had been a hundred, for she was my wife, and I had only been married three months. Jane was used to ships, being the daughter of a sea-captain; she'd take a turn at the wheel with any able seaman. In fact, I used to think she knew rather too much. 'Why don't you do this, James?' she'd say; 'why don't you let a reef out of this sail?'—always for letting out reefs, mind you, and carrying on, female-like—till I'd have to tell her to mind her own business, and bear in mind that I was the master. The reason that I took her on this voyage was, that I expected to be abroad for two or three years, as I went away with a sort of roving commission to trade in the Levant and the Black Sea ports, or wherever I could pick up a freight.

We had a very good run to Constantinople, where I discharged my cargo, and established my wife in lodgings at Pera—that is, with an Armenian family who spoke English like natives, having lived at Manchester for many years. Here I was lucky enough to be taken up by the Sublime Porte



as a transport with short voyages, and a long while lying idle in the Golden Horn. That suited me very well, for I had plenty of time to spend with Jane. This lasted off and on for a couple of years, and then I took a cargo here and there, doing pretty well for my owners, and not badly for myself.

Altogether, I had been away for three years or more, when I found that the *Orient* must have a complete overhauling. Her hull was foul, so that she lost at least a knot an hour of her speed, and her machinery wanted thorough renovation. All things considered, my owners thought I had better bring her home as soon as I could get a freight for London. Just then, our agent chartered me for Trebizond with a miscellaneous cargo; and after discharging, I was to run across to Galatz, to load with wheat for the English market. After that, I should pick up my wife at Stamboul, and then run home.

Two months would see me back in the Golden Horn, I told Jane, as I parted with her; I remember very well the place, on a hill that looked over Pera and Galatz, and the glittering Horn crowded with shipping, and the dark-blue Bosphorus. There was an old burial-ground close by, and Jane, who was very nervous and out of sorts just then, burst into tears, and said that we should never meet again. I soothed her as well as I could, and told her it was all nonsense, and that we should spend our Christmas at home with her own father and mother, it being then the middle of September; but I own that I felt a sort of melancholy presentiment about me, as though there was some misfortune hanging over us.

There's no doubt that the Black Sea has got a worse name than it deserves, for there are no rocks and shoals to trouble you, and if you haven't much sea-room, at least you've good holding-ground, and with steam to help you, there's no reason why you should get ashore. But for all that, I don't like it. Perhaps it's the contrast from the sunny Mediterranean and the purple Bosphorus, but it certainly strikes me as dark, and cold, and cheerless. It doesn't rise under one like true salt water, either.

We left the castles of Europe and Asia behind us, and had a prosperous trip to Trebizond. I was a long while lying there before I could discharge my cargo, for want of proper facilities, but I got clear at last, and made full steam across the Black Sea, towards the Sulina mouth of the Danube. I was glad to get clear of Trebizond, because there was a good deal of sickness there.

From having been so long trading about I had picked up rather a miscellaneous sort of a crew. I had an English mate and chief-engineer; all the rest were foreigners, of what nationality I hardly know. They were not much good, as you may suppose. One of my hands deserted at Trebizond, and I supplied his place with an Italian called Giuseppe, a miserable-looking fellow, but the best I could get. I had no great confidence in my mate either, who was a very worthy man, but not much of a seaman, and a peppery fellow into the bargain. He was always falling out with the men, and causing trouble on board. The weather was coarse and squally, with thick driving mists, and I got little rest after we left Trebizond. I knew I was getting somewhere near the opposite coast, but couldn't make out any lights or land-marks, on

account of the constant fog. The water shoals there very regularly, and I felt sure that as long as I kept the lead at work, I needn't fear running ashore; but at last I found it necessary to drop anchor, and wait for a sight of my bearings. The wind was blowing pretty strong right on shore, and we steamed gently ahead, to ease the strain on our cable. We pitched and rolled very heavily, the swell being strong, and our ship very light. The wind rose as the sun went down—invisibly to us—and altogether I didn't feel quite easy as to our position. Those Black Sea gales are sharp enough whilst they last—I have had some experience of them, having been the mate of a ship that was lying off Balacava that night when the *Prince*, a fine steamer laden with all kinds of winter-stores for the troops, was blown right upon the cliffs, with several other vessels, and knocked all to pieces.

I had turned in for a short nap, having given orders to be called if anything went wrong. I slept heavily, having been up for several nights. The howling of the wind; the rattle of the screw, sometimes working slowly round and round, and then whirling with great rapidity, as the heavy ground-swell lifted it out of the water; the occasional snort of the waste-pipes; the general swing and creak and clatter of every timber, spar, rope, and block from stem to stern—all these sounds mingled with my confused dreams of other and happier scenes.

I was aroused from my slumbers by the engineer. He was very sorry to disturb me, he said, but he couldn't answer for his engines any longer. His screw-shaft was weak, and already had in it a dangerous flaw. 'And,' he said, 'I expect every minute that thing will snap; so, if you can't ease the ship, we'd best disconnect the screw.'

I didn't like the thought of trusting altogether to my holding-tackle, for I felt that the gale was increasing, and was doubtful if anything would hold against such a wind and sea; but it would be still worse to be left helpless to the chapter of accidents, as would be the case if the screw were rendered useless. So I bade the engineer disconnect the screw, but to keep up a full head of steam, ready to stand out to sea if our tackle gave way. But as I left my cabin to take a turn or two upon deck, I saw that the fog was breaking rapidly, so that the sky to windward was quite clear, and the stars shining brightly, whilst a great wall of mist was marching away from us, rolled up before the wind just like a carpet. In a few minutes I saw lights twinkling on the coast here and there, and before long I was able to make out exactly where we were. I had run my course to a hairbreadth almost. Those were the lights of Sulina, and that break in the long low coast-line was the mouth of the Danube.

It was rather a risky business running into a strange river at dead of night without a pilot, with such a wind as now was blowing; but I felt that the risk was greater in remaining at my anchorage. I didn't wait to weigh anchor, which might have been a difficult business, but buoyed and slipt my cable, and with a foretopsail and bit of foresail set, made straight for the bar. I had no fear of sticking, our vessel being light, and the easterly winds having piled the water up, so that there was a greater depth than usual upon the bar; but I did dread that the *Orient* would become unmanageable, and drift helplessly on the shore.

However, it was all over in a few minutes. By good luck we got smartly over the bar; we found ourselves in water comparatively still, meeting the strong river current, that formed great eddies with the waters of the sea, making steerage difficult in the channel. It's just at moments like these, when the safety of a ship may depend on the smart handling of a sail, that you feel the difference between an English crew and the mongrel set you pick up at eastern ports. I believe we should have made a wreck of it, after all, just because I couldn't get my foretopsail furled quickly enough, when the wind took the matter in its own hands, and blew it clean out of the bolt-ropes, and rent it to tatters, that went sailing away, looking against the dark purple sky, like so many seabirds. My mate went out of his senses almost at this, and chased the crew down into the fore-castle; we were well into the channel of the river, and the engineer and I could manage the ship between us.

I had some notion that there was a quarantine establishment at Sulina, and that I ought to have obtained *pratique* there; but I had a clean bill of health, and it was their business to stop me if they wanted to do so. At anyrate, I thought that a few hundred piastres would set the matter right. So I steamed slowly up the river towards Galatz, congratulating myself on having done the business so neatly. Then I began to wonder what my mate was doing down below so long, and I sent my lad forward to see.

Presently, the lad and he returned together, and as he came within the light of the binnacle lamp, I saw that he looked deadly pale.

'What's the matter, Sims?' I said. 'Have those rascals been mutinous?'

'Come below, captain,' he whispered; 'I've got something to tell you.'

'What is it, man? Speak out,' I cried; 'I can't leave the deck.'

'It's the Italian fellow, who was skulking, as we thought.'

'Well, what of him?'

'He's very bad, dying almost: and it's cholera, cap'n: I've seen it before. He brought it on board from Trebizond.'

The first thing I thought of was my voyage, my ship, and my owners. The illness of this Italian sailor might be the ruin of my prospects. Of course, as soon as it was known that we had sickness on board, we should be kept in quarantine till the man recovered or died, and probably for months and months afterwards. I couldn't bear the thought of it, lying idle in this wretched river, not earning a penny, with the ship expenses running on, and machinery and stores deteriorating as fast as possible. It was now October. In a couple of months, if the winter were at all severe, we should be frozen up in the river. So that, in fact, it might be March or April of the following year before we could get away. And what, I asked myself, would become of Jane meanwhile? That thought struck me the keenest of all. She expecting her trouble to come on in February, and all alone in a strange foreign place: I couldn't bear the thought.

I was not long in making up my mind. I would run out of the river in the morning, at the first appearance of daylight, and make my way home in ballast, touching at Constantinople, to pick up Jane and my belongings at Pera. Perhaps the

man might recover on the open sea. I ordered the anchor to be dropped, the spare one, and brought to in the middle of the stream, waiting anxiously for the morning light. As soon as the ship was made snug, I went down below with Sims, to see the sick man. All his shipmates had shrunk away from him, and he was lying in a bunk in the fore-castle—you could see the gleam of his white dying face, that seemed almost phosphorescent in the darkness. I went up to him, and felt his pulse. It fluttered feebly as I held his wrist; presently it stopped altogether, and I felt a slight shudder pass through his frame.

'What do you think of him, sir?' asked Sims.

'He'll be better for more air,' I said, looking round at the narrow, close fore-castle, with its dirty bunks and bundles of froway clothing. 'We'll put him in the deck-house, Sims, and that will give him a better chance.'

We called the engineer, and between us we carried the man upon deck, and placed him in the deck-house on a mattress.

'He's verra still, sir,' said the engineer, looking at him compassionately.

I turned the key in the door, and called Sims and the engineer aft. 'The man's dead,' I said.

'Poor fellow,' said the Scot. 'Ay, I thought he was over quiet to be alive.'

'What did he want to come on board at all for,' grumbled Sims, 'if he meant to die like this?'

Then I told them what would be the consequence of having this death on board; how we should be laid up in quarantine, and be kept prisoners for months and months. What was I to do? To hoist the yellow and black flag, and give out that we were infected on board the *Orient*?

Perhaps, to you sitting in your easy-chair, comfortably reading this yarn by your own fireside, it may seem that this was just what I ought to have done. But I couldn't see it in that way myself. I was a seaman, and not a philosopher. I wanted to do my best by my ship and by my wife Jane, and I didn't care a button for their quarantines and rubbish, that I couldn't see the good of, but a great deal of harm instead—hindering the course of trade, and stopping people from making what they might do out of their craft. So I said to Sims and the engineer: 'This is what we'll do, if you'll stand by me. We'll put this body overboard; the man isn't on the ship's manifest; nobody will know anything about it; and we'll take our cargo at Galatz, and spend our Christmas at home after all.'

They agreed that they'd help me in the business; and we got a hammock, and put the body into it, lashing it round and round securely; then slinging a couple of heavy shot to it, we put it overboard quietly—feeling like murderers all the time.

But when it was done, I felt wonderfully relieved in my mind. As for its being the cholera the man had died of, I wouldn't believe a word of it. No; the man had been drinking heavily on shore, and had died from the effects of his own folly. He wasn't a bit to be pitied; and it would have been monstrous if the whole ship's crew had been made to suffer for him. As the thing was to happen, it had happened very luckily.

As soon as it was daylight, we made up the river to Galatz, which is a pleasant town, upon a steep hill, overlooking the river. Before we reached the port, however, we were boarded by

a health-officer—a Greek in a red fez cap and shabby frock-coat, with a gilt sash round his waist. He made a great fuss because we hadn't got *pratique* at Sulina; but as we had a clean bill of health, and there was no sickness on board, he didn't seem inclined to be hard upon us. A little confidential talk in my cabin, and I didn't doubt but that all difficulties would vanish. Still, there were a few formal questions to answer; and as I was always a conscientious man, and hated lying from the bottom of my soul, I called for Sims to answer them. His cabin was on deck, opposite to the house where the man had died; and as he didn't answer me, I opened his door to see if he were within, the Greek being just behind me.

He was lying there, with just the same pallid death-like face as the poor Italian—his eyes staring wide, his forehead covered with beads of perspiration, breathing slowly and painfully. I staggered back horror-struck. The Greek ran hastily across the deck, and descended into his boat, which pushed away from our side, and rowed rapidly ashore. Meantime, we were forging slowly ahead, till we were nearly opposite the town, when a gun from a battery that commanded the river warned us to stop.

Then I made up my mind that I would carry out my first intention—drop down the river, and put out to sea; but as we drifted slowly downwards, another gun from the opposite side roared out at us. I didn't take any notice; and seeing this, the battery fired a shot at us, which went over our heads, and brought down some of our running rigging. As I saw that they would sink us at the next shot, I gave in at this, and dropped anchor.

Presently the Greek came out again with orders to me to follow his boat into a branch of the river, which forks into two or three channels below Galatz, and this I was obliged to do. This seemed to be a sort of back-water, that wound in and out among islands, and banks of reeds and bulrushes, a swampy desolate country that made one wretched to look at. And here, in a creek that opened out of the main channel, I was forced to lay up my ship.

That night Sims died, and the engineer and two of the crew were seized with the pestilence. I was up all night, doing the best I could for them; when morning broke I found that the rest of the crew had deserted; they knew the country, it seemed; and I didn't blame them, for leaving this pest-ship. I never shall forget the horrors of that dismal creek. There was just the cabin-boy to help me to look after these sick men, and he was frightened out of his life, and could hardly crawl about. The two foreigners soon succumbed to the disease, but the engineer made a stout fight for his life. I think he might have recovered under more favourable circumstances; but the miasma of that deathful creek seemed to lower all the vital powers, and gave the poor fellow no chance of recovery. At last, quite sensible and composed, after giving me his final advice as to the care of the engines during the ensuing winter, and sending a few fond messages for his wife and bairns, in case I should have the good-fortune to reach home, he expired.

During this time I had made several attempts to communicate with the town, and obtain medical assistance and comforts for the sick. But all in vain. A picket of soldiers was posted on the narrow peninsula that formed the only connection

with the mainland, and a chain had been drawn across the channel by which we had entered, to prevent our communicating with the town by water. If I attempted to approach the sentries, they menaced me with their firelocks, and on my disregarding their warnings, they blazed away at me recklessly.

Thus thrown entirely upon my own resources, I was forced to dispose of the bodies of my late comrades by throwing them overboard into the river. The current washed them slowly away from me; but for long afterwards I could see the vultures hovering about the windings of the stream, and quarrelling for places on their floating banquets. All this time I seemed to live a charmed life. I wasn't afraid of the cholera, although I expected to share the fate of my shipmates. Indeed, I was rather anxious to have an end made of it all. What I feared most was, that I should be left alone; and as I saw my companions drop off one by one, I felt that it was hard that I should be left with no one to moisten my lips in my last agony, or to close my eyes when I was dead.

The cabin-boy was the only soul now left me, and he, I could see, was rapidly pining away. He didn't take the cholera, but a kind of low fever and ague came upon him, and he lost strength day by day, so that at last I could hardly get him out of his bunk.

Winter came on very early that year along the Black Sea coast. Our creek was frozen up with thick ice, and the marshes about became passable. Snow fell, too, and everything assumed a white, wan aspect. I did what I could to preserve the ship against the weather. I battened down the fore-hatch and engine-hatch, after giving all the delicate parts of the engine a plenteous coating of oil. I rigged up a stove in my cabin with an iron pipe through the poop-deck, and with a kettle of pitch I calked as well as I could the seams of the planks above me. But I did all these things in a half-hearted, mechanical way, not thinking that they could do any good to me or anybody else.

Great flocks of birds now made their appearance—teal, widgeon and wild-duck, and it occurred to me one day that I would take one of the ship's muskets and try to shoot some. Perhaps, if I could get some fresh meat for the boy, and make him some strong appetising soup, he might take a turn, and gain his strength again. The exercise and the excitement of the sport roused me a little, and took me out of myself and my own morbid thoughts. I managed to bag a couple of snipe, and three or four wild-ducks, and made my way back to the ship, feeling quite proud of my success. I had told the lad to keep up a good fire in the stove, thinking that I might have some luck, and that if so, we would have a bit of a feast when I returned.

As I approached the ship, however, I perceived that no smoke was ascending from the stove-pipe, and I shuddered as I saw how cold and deserted she looked, lying there in a field of jagged ice, her wheel and binnacle shrouded in canvas, and covered with a thick coating of snow—her yards all white and rimy; her funnels rusty and discoloured; her boats like snowy mounds; whilst icicles hung from her prow, and all down her weather-stained sides. I, the only living figure in this desolate waste, looking rather like a wild man, than the smart brisk officer of a few months ago.

I was quickly up the ship's side, and ran to the steward's cabin, where the boy was lying, intending to rate him soundly for not looking after the fire. He seemed asleep, and I shook him, but I found that he was quite insensible, and in a few moments I saw by the quivering of his under-lips that life was departing from him. He died as quietly as an infant going to sleep.

Somehow, I grieved more for that lad than for any of the others, and his death seemed to take away all the little energy that had been left in me. I had no longer any heart for anything—not even to relight the black cindery fire in the cabin. I read the burial service over the lad, and carried him to a great bed of tall reeds about a quarter of a mile from the ship, where I covered him up as well as I could with the dried fragments of the reeds, and left him. When I got back, I filled myself a pitcher of water, and took half-a-dozen biscuits, which I placed by the side of my berth, and then I covered myself with all the blankets and rugs I had, and tried to sleep.

Here was I alone in a frozen-up ship, in an inhospitable part of the world, with no one to help even for the sake of humanity. I thought bitterly of poor Jane, and how she would be watching and waiting and wearying herself away with trouble and disappointment. She would be getting short of money too, and that adds a pang to the worst of troubles. Why did I take her away from her comfortable home to expose her to all this? A few years of mingled happiness and trouble, and then a long blank life before her—to go back and share her father's narrow means; a burden and a trouble; her whole life a failure. It was a bad look-out all round, and I was too sick at heart to have any hope of life.

In the dead of the night I awoke in dreadful pain; the cholera had visited me at last. My brain was all in a turmoil with horrible visions and fancies. I could no longer distinguish what was real from the pictures of my disordered mind. For a day and a night I lay alternately in pain and in stupor—perhaps longer—for I lost count of time. At last the pains and troubles in my head and body began to abate. I recovered the full use of my senses for a time, but only to feel more poignantly the misery and hopelessness of my situation. I was weak and helpless as an infant. I had emptied the jug of water; the dry flinty biscuits I was incapable of swallowing. I felt that with nourishment and stimulants I might have a chance for life; but that, solitary and abandoned by every human creature, it was only left for me to die. I sank into a state of languid torpor, just conscious that I was still alive, and that the numbness and deadness that were stealing over me were the precursors of the last moments.

I awoke after a troubled dream. Still the wretched cabin in the forsaken ship. I was alone and dying. It was daylight, and a chill comfortless light filtered through the doorway and the crevices of the dead-lights. And yet I felt a warmth and comfort about me to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I must still be dreaming, for it seemed to me that I heard the roar of a fire in the stove in the next cabin, and, most assuredly, my organs of scent were sharing in the general illusion, for there was a very savoury and delightful smell. My throat was parched with thirst, and I mechan-

ically stretched out my hand for the emptied jug—and this time I could not be the victim of deception—within my grasp was a tumbler of drink, barley-water, or some such delightful beverage, with a slice of lemon in it; and then actually I saw a figure in the doorway—a young man in eastern robes, an extremely handsome young man; a Greek physician, no doubt, for he held in his hand a medicine-bottle and glass. The figure made a motion enjoining silence, filled the glass, and gave me to drink. I took the draught confidently; it diffused a delicious sense of happiness about me, and I fell into a deep and refreshing slumber.

It was night, and a lamp was burning beside me. I felt wonderfully renovated and refreshed; I felt that I was saved. I longed to thank my preserver, to ask him to what happy chance I owed his presence. I coughed gently; my unwearied attendant was at the door in a moment.

'*Effendi*,' I began, in a weak piping voice, that I hardly knew how to modulate; I was no great linguist, and I didn't know in what language to address him: '*je suis extrêmement*—I'm heartily thankful to you, old fellow.'

To my astonishment, and somewhat to my alarm, the young doctor knelt down at my bedside, and taking my face in his hands, gave me a long and fervent kiss.

'My dear old man'—between laughing and crying—'I never thought to hear your voice again. But talk English, Jamie, I shall understand you better at that.'

'Why, what!' said I, holding my visitor at arm's length; 'you're Jane, my own dear old Jane!'

Yes, it was Jane, who had found me out, and come to me just in time to save me from death. As soon as I was a little stronger, she told me the whole history of how she managed it. It seemed that these Armenians she lodged with were well known to a Greek lady who had married one of the pachas, and who used often to come up to Pera to see her old friends. She took a fancy to my Jane, and was very fond of talking to her about London and England. Well, she found out that Jane was in trouble, not knowing what had become of me, and my ship—a long time overdue; and she took compassion on her, and caused her husband to make inquiries. And he had all the seamen that could be got hold of brought to his divan, and interrogated; but they knew nothing of the *Orient*. Till at last one old salt came forward and said that he had heard of such a craft lying in quarantine up the Danube—that he had heard that all her crew were dead with the plague. Well, with that, nothing would do but Jane would start off to look for me. And here the pacha's wife was her friend again, and sent her with a government escort overland, to look for me; only, to avoid delay and scandal, she made Jane travel in the dress of a Greek physician. That she found me out, you know, but I have no time to tell you of her adventures in the search.

By the Sultan's orders, we were provided with a house in the outskirts of the town of Galatz, where I was removed as soon as I was strong enough to bear it, and, through the influence of the friendly pacha's wife, we were furnished with every comfort and luxury the place would afford. There my eldest little boy was born; and by the



time Jane had recovered, I had got together a crew, and we sailed away from that Deadly Creek, which even now, after many years, I look back on with something like horror!

### THE ROD IN OLD TIMES.

GENTLE remonstrance for a fault is of modern date. The old and universally recognised practice consisted of coarse abuse, kicking, and beating. It perhaps is so still in certain parts of Europe. Clarke, in his *Travels in Russia*, tells us that the cudgel goes from morning to night. Things may there be now softened a little; but before being too hard on Russian usages sixty years ago, let us bear in mind, that beating domestics with a stick was common in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a matter of history that that excellent female sovereign used so to beat her maids of honour that they cried in a piteous manner; and that Her Majesty sometimes so lost her temper and sense of dignity, as to strike her courtiers with her fist. When the appointment of a lord-deputy of Ireland was discussed by her, Sir Robert Cecil, and the Earl of Essex, the last named opposed the wishes of the other two as to the person best fitted for so important a post. Sir William Knollys was named by Her Majesty; but Essex very warmly insisted on Sir George Carew, and turning his back upon her, used a contemptuous expression. The queen, exasperated beyond all the bounds of self-control, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him 'go and be hanged.' Instead of receiving the chastisement with humility, he grasped his sword-hilt, and swore 'that he would not have taken that blow from King Henry her father, and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one.' With some further impertinence about a king in petticoats, he rushed from his queen's presence, and withdrew from court.

It is said that George II., when greatly offended by some remonstrances of his prime-minister, Walpole, kicked him out of his cabinet; and as His Majesty had shewn such passion before in the presence of several persons, Fielding took up the idea of printing in his journal, *Common Sense*, a 'Dissertation on Kicks,' which is not wanting in many passages of clever satire. He remarks, that, at the court of France, the sovereign would not disgrace himself by using personal violence. This is too complimentary. Fielding does not seem to have been aware that the French kings liked, on occasion, to indulge their temper in a way very similar to the true Briton. Louis XIII. declined to have noblemen for his gentlemen of the bedchamber, because he could not beat them as he liked, and gave a dozen hard blows to a valet who disputed with the pages the honour of precedence. His brother, Gaston d'Orleans, threw a gentleman into the canal at Fontainebleau, because he had not shewn him sufficient respect. Even Louis XIV., with all his magnificence, so far forgot himself as to raise his cane to the back of one of his servants; and on another occasion, he threw the weapon out of the window, lest he should yield to the temptation of chastising Lauzun. The clever Louvois ran the same risk, and had it not been for the timely interference of Madame de Maintenon, would have suffered by the hand of his royal master.

Thus the courtiers came to consider the stick as the *ultima ratio* in their relations with inferiors, more especially authors. In their eyes, they were *gent bâtonnable*, every time there was a wrong to be redressed, and that was very often. It was an incident of this kind that drove Voltaire into banishment, and led to his residence for some time in our island. The tragedy of *Edipus* and the poem of the *Henriade* had already made him a name. He was then about thirty-one years of age, and discontented with his surname of Arouet, which he received from his father, he chose another more euphonious, borrowing it from a small property which his mother possessed in Poitou. This piece of vanity offended the Chevalier de Rohan, and meeting Voltaire at the opera: 'Ah ça,' said he to him, 'how are you to be addressed? Is it to be Monsieur Arouet, or Monsieur de Voltaire?' 'Monsieur le Chevalier,' replied Voltaire, 'it is better to make one's self a name, than to sully that which has been given to us.'

The chevalier resolved to be avenged. One day, when Voltaire was dining with the Duc de Sully, the servants told him that a carriage was waiting for him at the door. He went down immediately, and was seized by the footmen, who struck him repeated blows with their sticks. The chevalier, seated inside the carriage, watched the proceedings, and encouraged his servants by his approving words. 'Strike, strike!' said he; 'only take care of his head; something good may come out of it.' Like a Frenchman, he could not help uttering his bon-mot to excite a laugh even in such circumstances. His influence was so great with the ministers and the Lieutenant Criminel, that when Voltaire would have brought an action against him, the poor author found himself thrown into the Bastille, and then ordered to exile himself to the other side of the Channel. He just landed in time to see the splendid obsequies accorded to Sir Isaac Newton. This roused in him the desire to know more of those sciences in which he afterwards became an adept, and which, until then, had received but little attention in France.

Had the Pont-Neuf in Paris a tongue, how many of these scenes could it bear witness to. It was the favourite lounge of newspaper writers and wits, thus it became also the classic ground of the law of the stick. Here it was that Monsieur de Baurtr, a gentleman and an Academician, was found one morning rolled in the mud, and half dead, from the attacks of the lackeys of a nobleman whom he had offended in a witty song. Some days after, one of these satellites passing near him, began to imitate the cries he had uttered during his punishment. 'Truly,' said Baurtr, 'that is a good echo; it repeats the sound a long time after.' When the queen, Anne of Austria, saw him walking with a stick, she inquired if he had the gout. On his replying in the negative, the Prince de Guéméné said: 'Do you not understand that he carries a stick as Saint Lawrence does his gridiron; it is the mark of his martyrdom.' His passion for bon-mots could not be restrained, and soon brought upon him another attack from the Marquis de Bourbonne. When he appeared at the Tuileries after this misadventure, no one knew what to say to him. 'Ah!' he cried, 'do they think me a savage because I have passed through the wood?'

When the *Essay on Satire* was published, the authorship was generally attributed to Dryden.

The Duchess of Portsmouth and the Earl of Rochester, believing themselves to be insulted by some of the remarks, could do nothing better than set the servants of the latter to beat the poor author; and it is also said, but without sufficient proof, that the Duke of Buckingham did the same. Unfortunately, the character of Dryden was not equal in dignity to his talent.

Though the noblemen of the day were generally willing enough to have the wits at their tables, they did not enjoy being altogether eclipsed in society. One of them said to a comedian: 'I warn you, that if from the present time to the end of supper you display more wit than I, you will receive a hundred strokes of the cane.' A critic who would not speak well of an author's work had this remark addressed to him: 'An ass was once made to speak by a blow, but a stick shall make you be silent.' To which the critic replied: 'Well, if you wish me to change my tone, I will say that your piece is charming; for I had rather say a silly thing than be beaten.' Of all the writers of the last century who came in for attacks, La Harpe was the object of hatred, contempt, and bitter satire from all the republic of letters; his very face provoked a blow. After he had given great offence on one occasion, this squib appeared: 'A society of amateurs having offered a prize to the best player on *la harpe*, have adjudged it to Monsieur Dorat; it now proposes to give a double prize to any one who, to the satisfaction of the public, will, by means of rods, draw the sweetest and most harmonious sounds from *la harpe*.'

It is not surprising that actors should in such a period treat the poor authors to blows when they did not like their cast of character; but more than one actress is recorded to have broken her delicate whip in flagellating one who had offended her. A poet who had written an opera, found himself on one occasion surrounded by all the ballet-dancers, who fell upon him with their fists, saying in chorus: 'Why did you write us such a worthless piece?' A young author who had ventured to parody some couplets, and turn them against the actors at a certain theatre, was asked to sit beside the prima donna, who thus addressed him: 'I can understand a good joke, and am not vexed with your wit, but I have need of two or three couplets against some one I know; come, and do me the favour to write them in my dressing-room.' Flattered by this, the author fell into the snare; but hardly had he entered, when all the actresses, armed with long rods, fell upon, and beat him unmercifully, until an officer of police, hearing the cries, interfered. It is said that the Chevalier de Boufflers had written an epigram against a lady of rank. After some coolness, she begged for a reconciliation, and asked him to dinner. But though he went, like a prudent man he put his pistols in his pocket. As soon as he arrived, he was seized by four strong footmen, who, under the very eyes of the lady, gave him fifty strokes. Boufflers, as soon as it was over, with wonderful *sang-froid*, drew out his pistols, cocked them, and desired the men, under pain of death, to do to their mistress as they had done to him. They were obliged to obey, and he counted the lashes; then they were to give the same to each other; which task accomplished, the marquis bowed gracefully, and departed.

But happily the supremacy of the stick began to wane in the last century; literary men raised their

heads above such insults, and would no longer recognise brutal force; the sword and the law were called in to help. The former was of no value but to prove the personal courage of those who used it; but the latter proved the change in public opinion, and the progress of the condition of literary men. Mozart's passion was roused when his patron, the Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1781, treated him like one of his pages; and when the Comte d'Arco kicked him to the door, he declared that whenever he received such an insult, he should return it in the same way. One of the first occasions when justice openly interfered in France was about 1770, when a comedian coming from the theatre at Versailles was attacked by some officers: the patrol interfered, and took up five young men, all belonging to high families and in the king's household. Louis XV. declined to interfere, and justice took its course. Evidently the Revolution was near at hand, as may be shewn by the reply of Piron some time after. He met a noble of high rank, who was shewing a friend out of the door. The latter stopped from politeness, to let the author enter. 'Pass on, pass on,' said the host; 'he is only a poet.' Piron did not hesitate. 'Since qualities are known,' he said, 'I take my rank;' and putting on his hat, went first. The queen, Marie Antoinette, afterwards confirmed this emancipation of literature by reproving one of her courtiers in these words: 'When the king and I speak to an author, we always call him Monsieur.'

Arriving at the nineteenth century, our task is ended; the stick is now a fallen royalty; the aristocracy of birth and that of the pen can meet on level ground without attacking each other. Literary manners are on a much higher level; the author is no longer a valet or a parasite, neither the court-fool, nor the pet spaniel of the duchess. Assaults on the person, of whatever kind, are now so speedily punished by fine and otherwise, that they are little heard of, except among the rude and least instructed of the population—an immense advance on what prevailed even in 'good' society so lately as a hundred years ago.

## THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

### CHAPTER X.

IF I had a mind to be honest, I see,  
Fortune would not suffer me.

EMILY COLLOP, when she heard Tom's account of the robbery of his money, had felt a shock of sudden fear and shame; and this was intensified, and her suspicion deepened, when she saw Skim enter the shop, looking like a gorgeous-plumaged jail-bird, and carrying himself with an impudent blustering manner, as if he were the master of everything it contained. Would Skim behave thus in her father's shop if he did not feel that he had some hold upon him? There was no one in the shop, for the boy had gone on an errand, and the shopman had gone home to tea, and Emily glided cautiously to the corner of the shop by the counting-house. There was a crevice between the partition of the counting-house and the wall of the shop, and, by putting an ear to the wall, anything that was said within could be distinctly heard. Emily had acquired a knowledge of this when she was a girl, but she had made no use of it for many years, being far too honourably minded a girl to pry into her father's concerns. In this case,

however, she felt justified. She might be the means of saving both her father and Tom from the consequences of some cruel, wicked deed. What she first heard, enlightened and relieved her mind a good deal. Her father had not intended to rob Tom Rapley—that was evident. He had stumbled upon the money in the search for something else. But, at the same time, it was equally clear that they had got Tom's money, and no doubt, now that he had found out the mistake, her father would insist on Skim's disgorging his share of the plunder.

The final result of the interview astounded her. They were not going to do justice to Tom. He was to be left to his fate, whilst the two conspirators enjoyed the fruits of their robbery. And this was her father! The moment was one of supreme and bitter anguish. Then she remembered that she too was a participator in the crime. She carried about on her person a share of the ill-gotten plunder.

On this one point her course was clear enough. She must at once get rid of the guilty burden she carried, and in a way that might lift the suspicion from Tom. At the same time, her father's safety must not be jeopardised. She would do this now at once, before her father had a chance of getting the money from her.

She took the bag of gold, and hastily wrapped it in a piece of brown paper—first putting inside a slip of paper, on which she had written: 'Restitution from the man who robbed Tom Rapley.'

Then she addressed the parcel to the superintendent of police, and putting on an old waterproof cloak, and a thick Shetland veil, which concealed her features completely, she set out for the police-office. There was no one about when she reached the place, and she made her way to the superintendent's office unchallenged. That was empty too. She left the parcel upon his desk, and hurried away. When she reached home, she found that her father had been searching for her everywhere, and was very angry at her absence.

'Emily,' he said, 'I want some of that money. Ten pounds or so. Give it me.'

'I haven't got it, father,' she said: 'I have restored it to the rightful owner!'

Collop turned quite livid with rage and fear. 'What do you mean, girl? Have you stolen it, you thief?'

'It is not I who am the thief, father!' cried Emily, confronting him with blazing eyes.

Collop quailed under her glance. He sank into a chair, laid his head upon the table, and groaned. 'Then you have betrayed your father, girl?' he muttered.

'No; I haven't betrayed you, father,' said Emily; 'and I won't! But you must tell me everything; and every penny you have got of Tom's you must refund, and make that villain Skim also.'

'I can't, I tell you, Emily. I had paid away a hundred and fifty pounds before I had heard of that fool's ill-luck. I should have had the bailiffs in the house if I hadn't.'

Emily burst into tears. 'How could you, father!' she sobbed.

'Look here!' cried Collop. 'Emily, if what I have on hand succeeds, I shall have abundance of money to pay Tom back again, and reward him handsomely for what he may have suffered.'

'O wild, silly schemes!' cried Emily; 'digging for buried treasure that has no existence except

in the muddled wits of a tipsy labourer. Father, has it come to this?'

'I tell you, Emily, it is not a wild or silly scheme. The man is right. The old woman had lots of ready-money! She was constantly coming to me for gold. Why, the very day before she died, she carried home in her chaise five hundred pounds in gold. She always got it through me, and I was glad to oblige her, as it gave me some credit with my bankers to have the handling of so much money. No mention was made of that in her will. Why, I saw the schedule of her effects for probate, and excepting two pounds five in her purse at her death, there wasn't a penny of ready-money. Now, where is it?'

'How is it possible to tell?'

'I tell you, Emily, it's there somewhere! Why, the very last time I saw her—you know how fond she was of picking out a text and expounding upon it. Well, she'd got hold of this: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;" and there was a sort of tone about her when she said upon earth, that I felt sure she was thinking how clever she was to have got round a text like that. Now, if she'd buried her money, don't you see it didn't apply—because, it was under the earth!'

'O father, Aunt Betsy was never so silly as all that.'

'You didn't know her as I did, child. When she was about business, she was as keen a hand as ever you met; but get her on spiritual matters, and she was wild enough. She thought that she'd found out that there was to be another deluge; and more than once she's said to me: "James, don't you think that in the new world it will be better for those who have saved and laid by money?" And I said to her: "You can't carry your money with you."—"No; but, James," she said, "one might come back to it."—Oh! I knew she'd some scheme of the kind working in her mind.'

'But, father, granting that you are right—even if there is money there—it doesn't belong to you.'

'To me as much, nay, more than any one else. Didn't she always call me her brother? Didn't she promise me continually, that if she were removed first, she would take care that I should be left comfortable? Wasn't it to please her that I began, first to neglect my business a little, and take to mooning after those false prophets? Didn't I work for her and for her schemes for years without ever getting a penny from her—paid with promises, lured on with fair words? And now you tell me I have no claim upon this money, if I find it!'

'I don't think you have, father.'

'Don't tell me!' said Collop. 'Why, for the last year I have kept that man Skim in my employ, and he has spent night after night in digging and delving; and just as we have got the clue, and see success before us, I am to hand the treasure over to Mr Frewen, I suppose!'

'I didn't say that, father.'

'I am to go to Mr Frewen,' cried Collop, who had been working himself gradually into a passion; 'and I am to say to him: "Good sir, you have been my enemy all my life; you have brought me to the threshold of disgrace and destitution; you have preyed upon my vitals, and drained me of every hard-earned penny; and in return for this, here's untold gold—gold I have found, and kept for you: and now, send me to the workhouse, or the jail, good, kind sir!"'

'Father, you frighten me!' cried Emily.  
'I tell you, girl!' he cried, almost foaming at the mouth, 'sooner than this, I'd kill him! yes, kill him! and you too, false girl, if you betray me!'

Nothing she had ever known of her father had prepared her for this ebullition of rage and passion.

'Don't threaten me, father,' she said, silently weeping; 'don't talk to me like that, and I'll be true to you through everything. I'm in the same ship with you, and I can't help taking your part; only, don't rob poor Tom!'

Mr Frewen and the superintendent of police came back to Biscopham together at about nine that evening, the former in a very bad temper. They drove up to the police-station, and Frewen accompanied the superintendent into his office, to see if anything had transpired about Tom. There was the package of money. The superintendent opened it, looked at the slip of paper, and handed it to Mr Frewen.

'Eh! Brown, what does that mean?' cried the latter, looking sharply up from under his shaggy eyebrows. The police-officer, meantime, had been carefully examining the brown paper in which the money had been wrapped.

'It smells of fustian,' said the man, laughing.

'What do you mean?'

'It comes from Collop's shop; he was there to-day, for an hour or two.'

'But the money, the gold, that's right enough, it seems; why should they send back any of it?'

'You've frightened 'em, sir, by being so determined. And more can be got yet.'

'Upon my word, I think you are right,' cried Frewen: 'we'll drive over to Milford once more, and surprise 'em. But we won't knock up either your horse or mine; we'll send to the *White Lion* for a machine of some sort.'

The worthy host of the *White Lion* threw up his hands in amazement, when the order for the carriage came in. 'Trap to go to Milford! Why, they're all going to Milford. There's a regular gathering of 'em over there. What's up, I wonder?'

#### CHAPTER XI.

Who finds her, give her burying.

Beside this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity.

At the sound of the heavy tread coming up the footpath, all the inmates of the little back-kitchen turned pale. Lizzie rose and opened the door that led up to their bedroom, and pointed to Tom to go. 'Get into the old house,' she whispered as he passed her, 'and I'll take care they don't follow you.'

Tom went softly up-stairs, and passed from the bedroom into his little office. Lizzie followed him, and hung up some dresses over the cracks of the door, shutting out every gleam of light. He staid a long time in the dark whilst a conversation was going on down-stairs. Then Lizzie came up with a light and opened the door.

'It was a policeman,' she said, 'wanted to know whether you had come home. "No," says I. "And what was those voices?" says he. And then Sailor steps out—he hadn't seen him before: "What, ain't it allowed for people to talk to one another in this free country without a bobby listening!"

and then he got cross, and said he'd come in and see whether you was here. "No," says I, "you don't; not without a warrant," says I. "Oh, well," he said, "he'd soon fetch that;" and away he goes. But they'll be here again, sure enough. They're regular down upon you, Tom.'

'It's a burning shame,' said Tom. 'They won't help a poor fellow who's been robbed, and make all sorts of game of him; and they're regular slaves to Frewen, because he's one of the big-wigs. It ain't justice, Lizzie.'

'Well, Tom, what we've got to do is to slip our necks out of the noose. They'll be back again directly, Tom; and we must make up this door somehow, so that it shan't look as if it were a door at all. Look here, Tom; take a couple of blankets. You should have the bed, too, only that would be noticed.'

'What! ain't I to sleep in my own bed?' said Tom, ruefully regarding the nuptial couch.

'No, indeed, Tom; you can't. We must make up the door, and you must be on the other side of it. Then take the candle. No, goodness, Tom; you mustn't have that. I forgot; it would betray all.'

'What! stop here all in the dark?' remonstrated Tom.

'Why, yes, old man. The least shine of a light through a chink outside would ruin everything. Now, go, Tom—do—directly, please.'

'Well, if I was in prison,' muttered Tom, 'I should have a light, and a bed to sleep on too, perhaps. If it wasn't for the name of the thing, I'd be better off there.'

Lizzie shut the door upon his remonstrances, and presently hammer and nails were at work on the other side closing up the door.

'It's for all the world as if they were putting me in my coffin,' said Tom, with a shudder.

Another last word, through a slit in the boards: 'Tom, you mustn't stop there; they will hear you cough, or sneeze, or walk on the boards. Go down into the kitchen.'

With hands stretched out before him, blindly groping his way through the thick darkness, Tom, in fear and trembling, felt his way along the passage and down the staircase of the deserted house. He knew the way well, but once or twice he stumbled where a board had sprung, or a lump of plaster had fallen from the ceiling; and, stretching out his hands to save himself, he would shudder at the cold, clammy touch of the wall. How the stairs creaked and groaned as he descended! they seemed to shriek almost, as if they were giving warning of his whereabouts to people outside. He reached the kitchen at last, and stood in the middle of the floor, and wondered what he should do next. He shuddered at the thought of lying down here amongst all these crawling, loathsome insects; yet he couldn't stand up all night shivering and shaking. The night had turned very cold; there was a hard frost; it seemed he could see a bright star twinkling through a crevice where the new brick-work in the window had settled. It would not do to have a light, certainly. The shine of it would be as discernible to any one outside as the glimmer of the star to him within.

As soon as he became perfectly quiet, and the beating of the pulse in his ear ceased to overpower all other sounds, he heard a noise that made his flesh creep upon his bones. The sound itself,



indeed, was not appalling—a comfortable, home-like, domestic sound; it was the circumstances under which he heard it that made it so terrific. Here, in this deserted, abandoned house, given over to solitude and silence for all these years—in this house, so hermetically closed and sealed against the outside world, the clock was ticking loudly!

Clink, clank, with a resonant, cavernous voice, the old clock was going; who could have started it? Tom shivered and shuddered, as in the presence of some new indefinite peril. Who could have set that clock agoing? In Aunt Betsy's time, no hand but hers was ever permitted to touch that sacred clock. At nine o'clock every Saturday night, the clock was wound up, just before Aunt Betsy went to bed. This was Saturday night, and just after nine. Had Aunt Betsy arisen this cold winter's night, and come to wind up the clock? Tom fancied that something brushed past him, that his hand touched something cold: he could have shouted with terror; he would have run, regardless of all risks, back to his own room, but he felt chained and rooted to the spot. He felt, with his foot, around him, not daring to stir from the place; and his foot came in contact with something that rattled as he struck it. It was a box of lucifer-matches.

Tom didn't think of how the matches got there, or of the danger of striking a light. He was only conscious of an eager desire to dissipate the terrors that surrounded him. He picked up the match-box and struck a light. As the flame leaped into life, there was a gentle rustle and stir about him: beetles, cockroaches, crickets, made a general stampede. If any other forms had lurked in the darkness, they had softly disappeared. The old clock, whose face was in strong contrast to the general dirt and griminess of the place, was placidly ticking away through it all. At his feet there lay a piece of wax-candle.

'There have been thieves here, the thieves who stole my money,' said Tom to himself. 'Surely, if the police saw this, they would believe me; but then there's nothing here but what I could have put myself, so I should be no better off.'

Then Tom became alive to the danger he incurred of discovery. He blew out his light, and began to ponder as to what he should do next. His meditations were interrupted by a low noise of grating and grinding, that came from the direction of the hall-door, and Tom thought that he heard whispered conversation as well. The sounds grew more and more distinct; clearly some persons were trying to get into the house from outside. The police, no doubt, thought Tom; they have caught sight of the light, and they mean to hem me in on all sides. To retreat by the way he came, Tom saw, would be to put his head into the lion's mouth. They had possession of the house by this time, no doubt, and his capture would only be a question of time. But there was one chance: the cellar that ran under the old part of the house, the entrance to which was from the inner corner of the kitchen, the door being close to the clock. Guided by the ticking of the clock, Tom made his way to the cellar door, which was unfastened. When Tom got to the bottom of the cellar stairs, he found himself in a warmer and softer atmosphere—an atmosphere strangely perfumed, too, with the fragrance of drugs and spices. There was no damp or chilliness about these cellars, which had been made centuries

ago. Warm in winter, and cool in summer, they had been splendid wine-cellars in the olden days. Many a pipe of good old port, many a cask of sherry, and butt of generous Madeira, had been drained dry in that famous cellar in days long gone by.

The sounds from the hall-door had ceased. Tom began to think that he had been deceived, and that the noise he had heard had simply been the wind, that was now beginning to rise, and sigh mournfully around. But he had much bettered his position, as he would be far warmer and more comfortable down here than in that dismal kitchen. Everything was quiet above, and he thought he might venture to strike a light, that he might reconnoitre his position, and make himself snug for the night, for he began to feel insupportably weary. The one window in the cellar opened into the garden, and was so overgrown outside with rank vegetation, that there was no danger of his light being seen, even if it had not been properly blocked up.

The candle lighted, Tom looked around him. The cellar seemed altogether clean and bare, just as he remembered it of old. A ledge or table ran all round it, topped with a stone slab, which had formerly held dishes and pans. There was the old cask-stand in one corner; and in the other, there was something new and strange—something that struck Tom with an instinctive terror and dread.

In form and general appearance, this was like a sentry-box, and of the same height and size; but it was shaped at the ends so as also to resemble a boat set on end. Round the edge was a broad border of cork, painted black, so that, if a boat at all, it must be a life-boat. It was inclosed in front with a lid door or deck of polished oak. At the top of this was a narrow grating of brass or gilt metal. A small brass knob, half-way down, indicated that here was the way of opening the lid or deck. Something was tied to this knob by a piece of string, in appearance and reality a letter. Curiosity outmastered fear. Tom advanced and snatched the letter from the knob. It was in Aunt Betsy's handwriting, sealed with her great gold seal, and addressed simply to 'My Successor.'

Tom opened the letter full of strange awe. Yes, it was from Aunt Betsy—a posthumous message from his aunt:

When you, young sir, open this—if you ever do open it, as I hope and sincerely trust you never may—all my hopes will have come to an end, and you may smile at the folly of an old woman who has trusted to lying promises. Laugh yourself, if you will, but do not let any one else laugh. To you, at all events, I have proved a benefactor. Respect my memory and my wishes. My wishes are: that this house be pulled down, and every trace of it destroyed; that my poor body be put in a coffin, with quicklime, and buried quietly in the churchyard of Milford, with a marble monument, and the figure of a shipwreck over it, and that the epitaph upon it shall be: 'Here lies poor Betsy Renneel. She was born before her time, lived after her prime, and lies here in lime.' To pay these expenses, and to reward you for executing my wishes, I will give you this rhyme:

Underneath the thyme and mint, the marjoram and the rue,  
Dig deep, and you shall find a herb that's safe to pleasure you.

If you can't understand this, you are a fool, and may lose your thousands. BETSY RENNEL.

'Well, I am a fool, then,' cried Tom, 'for I don't understand a single word of it all. Then this is waiting for the young squire that is to be. And what's inside here, I wonder? Fancy Aunt Betsy writing that kind of stuff! Why, she ought to have been in Bedlam; an old'—

Here Tom paused, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, for the lid of the box had swung slowly open, and there was old Aunt Betsy standing right before him!

He gave a wild cry of horror and despair, and sank helpless and senseless on the floor.

#### A VIEW OF OLD CALABAR.

AMONG the many consular Reports presented to the Houses of Parliament this year, and recently printed, perhaps the most remarkable is the account drawn up by Consul Charles Livingstone, brother of the distinguished traveller, of the trade and general condition of the territory of Old Calabar. A melancholy interest is, moreover, attached to it as being one of the latest official acts of a useful public life, the writer, it will be remembered, having died on his homeward passage last autumn.

The consular district under Mr Livingstone's supervision included the oil-rivers of Biafra and Benin, 800 miles of coast—that is, the west coast of Africa, and the island of Fernando Po. The chief exports of this district are, palm-oil and palm kernels; its minor ones are, ebony, barwood, ivory, and india-rubber. The staple imports have not, on the whole, a very civilising tendency; they are, tobacco, rum, gin, cotton, prints, gunpowder, muskets, salt, brass rods, and manillas. These last articles, we should add, are not the cigars owning that name in England, but bronze coins made in Birmingham, not unlike a bracelet in shape and size, and worth about sixpence each; they constitute the native money of Bonny, Opobo, and New Calabar markets. Many other articles are in constant demand, such as soap, African cutlasses, iron pots, knives, glass and earthenware, furniture, tin boxes, waterproof cloaks, silk umbrellas, caps, felt hats, and a variety of fancy goods. In years gone by, old uniforms sold readily, and a shirtless chief would pay an official visit in a full-dress uniform coat and hat, without trousers; but shirts and new ready-made clothing have driven old uniforms out of fashion, and improved the comfort and appearance of the natives. In all the rivers, our agents trade only with the tribes that own the river-mouth, who are not oil-producers, but merely oil-brokers or middle-men. Gladly would the nearest oil-producers come and trade direct with the whites, to the advantage of both, but the black brokers are strict protectionists, and allow no trade with white or black, save what passes through their own hands, at their own price. In 1866, sixteen British firms traded in these rivers, and one Dutch. In 1872, the number of Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow houses was twenty-four, with one Dutch and one German. These twenty-six palm-oil traders have fifty-five trading establishments in seven rivers, and employ two hundred and seven white agents, clerks, &c.; four hundred and nineteen black coopers, carpenters, cooks, and stewards from our settlements in Accra, Cape Coast Castle, and Sierra Leone;

and two thousand Kroomen from Cape Palmas and other parts of the Kroo Coast. Most of the above live in large airy hulks moored near their cask-houses on the beach, a few have houses on the shore. In the days of sailing-ships, a few wealthy firms had a sort of monopoly of the oil-trade, and made large profits; but large profits are now things of the past. Steam has brought new firms and a keen competition. It has also developed a goodly number of black traders, possessed of some education, little capital, and minds satisfied with small profits and quick returns. The number of these black traders is likely to increase, and the time may not be far distant when the entire trade of the coast will be in their hands, and whites be relieved from the grave risks of such unhealthy localities. The price received for oil in England has fallen of late years, while the price paid for it in the rivers has risen to twice, and even thrice, its former value. It is said to be a losing trade, but, as it is still carried on, there must be some fallacy in the allegation.

The Fernando Po oil-crop never exceeds, indeed seldom equals, four hundred tuns a year. A trustworthy observer who trades in various parts of that island states that, from the number of oil-palms he has seen, at least four thousand tuns might easily be obtained. But the twenty-five thousand aborigines, or Bubés, as they are called, do not choose to work beyond four hundred tuns. Their wants are few—a cheap musket, a little powder and shot, pipes, tobacco, and rum, are nearly all. If traders could create new wants, trade might increase. For the benefit of these Bubés, a Jesuit mission was established many years ago. The good Padre Campillo lived for years with them, and learned their language. Not a little self-denial did he practise to do them good. Whilst passing between their scattered hamlets, his dinner for many a day was a yam baked in the ashes, and eaten with a little salt carried in his pocket. Very hard did he try to persuade them to improve their condition by working a little more. They wore no clothing, and their huts were frequently only roofs of palm branches, open on all sides. The missionary said to the listening Bubés: 'If you work a little more every day, you can get clothes and houses, like white men.' 'But we don't want to live inside clothes and houses,' was the reply: 'you white men work and make slaves of yourselves to buy clothes and houses; we are wiser, and live as God made us, like the birds and the beasts.'

No staple sells better than rum and gin. There is no restriction on the liquor trade; it pays no tax or duty to our own or to any government. In view of the quantity, and especially of the quality, of the stuff sold, terrible results to black consumers might be anticipated; but years of observation, and the testimony of traders and of missionaries, force on the mind the conviction, that somehow liquor, though it does mischief, does not produce the demoralising and ruinous effects there which it does at home. With one solitary exception, wrote Consul Livingstone, I know of no drunkard among the kings, chiefs, headmen, and other brokers of these seven oil-rivers; all are sober men; and while trading largely in rum and gin, their own ordinary drink is the unintoxicating palm-wine of the country. It is an undoubted and creditable fact that drunken natives are rare sights. In half an hour's ride through a northern mining district of

England on a Saturday night, Mr Livingstone states he saw more drunken persons than in five years in the oil-rivers of the west coast of Africa. Though apparently doing but little harm to blacks, the evil rum has caused to whites on this coast is something appalling. Time, property, business, character and life, there, as elsewhere, have been lost through drink, which is thus the most costly article the merchant ever sends to Africa. Two of our firms, to their credit be it said, never sell spirits.

For a quarter of a century, two of the rivers have had Christian missions. In looking at their work, some consideration should be given to the state in which they found the natives, and the influences tending to help or hinder missionary effort. An unlikely field for Christians to spring from must Calabar have seemed. True to life was the mid-shipman's report: 'Manners they have none, and their customs are beastly.' Twin-children were put to death, and their mothers banished for life. Persons suspected were doomed to eat the fatal Calabar bean, and no man could sicken or die but some one was suspected of bewitching him. When a great man died, a number of his wives and slaves were butchered and buried with him, that he might have people to cook his food, and paddle his canoe in the next world. Human sacrifices were frequent, and heathenism, rendered more cruel by three centuries of slave-trading, crushed the degraded and unhappy race.

Legitimate trade in this country began about the year 1808, and has no doubt contributed largely towards the culture and education of the native mind. Its influence must, on the whole, have been beneficial; bad white men could do little or no harm, for the slave-trading heathen could learn no new vice, nor sink lower, having already reached the lowest depths. English traders denounced native atrocities, and ridiculed everything ludicrous in the superstitious customs of the people; and the strong language and the light jest have shaken and shattered the faith of intelligent natives in their baneful fetic system. Our government, encouraged by traders and missionaries, has done good by judicious and well-timed treaties for the abolition of the slave-trade, human sacrifices, twin murders, poisoning, punishments by substitute, &c. When the king died last year, none were suspected of bewitching him, none known to be butchered and buried with him—a happy contrast to former royal deaths.

The slave-trade was begun by Spain in the year 1503, and England shortly afterwards commenced. Early in the present century, the English slave-trade was abolished, and in 1841 our government induced the native authorities to prohibit the traffic still carried on by them in foreign ships. In the treaty made at the time, we agreed to pay to the chiefs of each river 2000 Spanish dollars a year for five years, provided the chiefs and English traders could certify that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, there had been no slave-trade during the year. The treaty appears to have been kept in good faith, as the subsidy was doubtless greater than any loss sustained by the suppression of the foreign slave-trade. Before the last payment was made, the long-worked slave-catching machinery of the interior had rusted and fallen to pieces, and the profits to the river-chiefs from customs' revenue and an increased oil-trade had grown so great, that there was little or no inclination for a renewal

of the odious traffic. All were thoroughly satisfied that their interests lay on the side of legitimate trade; slavers fell in their estimation, and became the victims of practical jokes. A slaver entered Old Calabar River in 1844, and from his place of concealment sent word to King Eyamba that he had brought the best of rum, and wanted slaves. The king replied that the rum must be delivered at night, to prevent English traders from suspecting him, and he would soon have the slaves ready. After receiving the rum, the king found it difficult to get slaves from the plantations. Night after night passed, and at last the king's sorrowful message to the impatient slaver was: 'English traders watch me too much. I can't send the slaves. Better you take your rum and go. I hear English man-of-war coming soon.' The casks were re-shipped in haste, and the slaver left. King Eyamba had drawn the rum, and filled the casks with river-water. Another slaver entered the Cameroons River in 1860. Directly King Bell heard of it, he sent information to our consul at Fernando Po; a cruiser steamed across, and took the last slaver seen in that region.

The river-chiefs, now oil-brokers, were slave-brokers formerly, and sold to the slavers consignments of slaves received from the interior, whence came most of the slaves for exportation. The poor and aged king of Bimbia occasionally mourns over the loss of his large commissions as a slave-broker, but readily admits that his people are better off in every respect with the palm-oil trade. At times, when the conduct of bad characters among the domestic slaves is worse than usual, a chief may be provoked to wish the trade back again, in order to sell the criminals at a profit, being a loser when he imprisons or kills his incorrigible slaves; but no one really wishes a revival of the iniquitous traffic. The native authorities would oppose it as strenuously as our own merchants. These broker tribes have no surplus population. They have not sufficient labour for their own trade, and have to purchase slaves from the interior tribes, who sell their criminals and orphans. Slaves of good character and ability are sure to rise to positions of honour and trust, and can obtain their freedom with ease. Some of the wealthiest of the oil-brokers were slaves in early life.

We will conclude our summary of Mr Livingston's Report with a few notes on the material improvements effected by missionaries. School-books and dictionaries have been printed in the Efek and Dualla languages of Calabar and Cameroons. Many natives have been taught to read, and a few trained and employed as schoolmasters. Sunday markets in town have been abolished, and hundreds of decently dressed natives of both sexes regularly attend church; and these, wearing clothes, give employment to dressmakers and tailors, most of whom own sewing-machines. In Cameroons, young men have been taught useful trades. Black brokers now build brick houses, and so find work for those who have learned from the missionaries to be brickmakers, bricklayers, carpenters, and blacksmiths. Some seven years ago, Bishop Crowther began missions in Bonny and in Brass. This excellent man is a native African, and all his clergy are Africans, well able to stand their native climate. Most of them, if not all, were educated at Sierra Leone, where considerable attention is paid to learning, and a good education for teachers and preachers



can be obtained. This is an encouraging phase of missionary enterprise; and, in view of the frightful loss of white life and health, all must hope that the time may soon come when the entire missionary work of the west coast of Africa, and all its trade, will be in the hands of African Christians.

#### A METROPOLITAN TRANSFORMATION.

A STRANGER visiting London would be considerably surprised to see the change for the better that has lately been effected in Leicester Square. A short time ago, the central inclosure was a scene of ruin and disorder, railings broken or carried off, the grass trodden down—the whole thing a public scandal, more particularly as this part of the metropolis, until the end of last century, was a kind of classic ground. In a house about the middle of the west side, dwelt Sir Joshua Reynolds from 1761 till his death in 1792; and here took place the famous entertainments with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other notabilities. At the south corner on the east side lived William Hogarth; and next door to him lived and died John Hunter. In the narrow street leading from St Martin's Lane to the square, resided Sir Isaac Newton, and afterwards in the same house Dr Burney, and his daughter, who here wrote her novel of *Evelina*. Such is a slight specimen of the former inhabitants.

In these days of its glory, as has been stated in a former number (July 6, 1872), Leicester Square was adorned with an equestrian metal figure of George I., which, at the cost of the inhabitants, was set up in 1747, at the centre of the inclosure. The metal was originally gilt, and therefore a grand thing in its way. But, alas, how it sunk from neglect and bad usage! First, the horse lost a leg, and had to be propped up; then its rider began to lose arms as well as legs; till at length the whole structure disappeared. Meanwhile, the houses in and about the square became occupied with shows and panoramas, or used as the residences of foreigners. Who was to blame for allowing the quadrangular inclosure to sink into so discreditable a condition is not easy to explain, and it might be unpleasant to inquire minutely into the facts. There the square was, a perfect disgrace; and so it might long have remained, but for the spirit and munificence of a single individual, Mr Albert Grant, who is generally known as a successful financier. The feat of transformation is said to have cost about £28,000. On the 2d July 1874, the hoarding that screened the operations was removed, and, to an admiring crowd, there was revealed a charming garden, with grass plots, clumps of shrubs, seats, gravel-walks—the whole to be thenceforward a pleasure-ground for the people. A handsome railing, with gates and lamps partially gilt, surrounds this very pretty piece of ground; and we trust that the regulations to be enforced will prevent a recurrence of the former state of affairs. The property being bought up by Mr Grant from various individuals, has been assigned by him in perpetuity to the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the sanction of an act of parliament.

The most striking feature of the newly laid-out ground is a statue of Shakspeare on a quadrangular pedestal, at each corner whereof are dolphins spouting up into the air the water that falls in double showers into marble basins; and

near the four corners of the garden stand statues, wrought by Durham, Woolner, Marshall, and Weekes, of Reynolds, Hogarth, Hunter, and Newton. For in Leicester Square, or its immediate neighbourhood, as already said, lived Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth, John Hunter of anatomical memory, and Sir Isaac Newton.

What has been so tastefully effected for Leicester Square, is eminently suggestive of transformations in some other squares in London. In none, indeed, have things gone to wreck; on the contrary, considerable care is expended in keeping the inclosures in order. But, except that they offer the agreeable spectacle of green trees, there is little to recommend them. Sternly secluded by iron railings and locked gates, they have generally a dull look. You seldom see anybody in them. Apparently, they are only used by a few nurserymaids with children. The public are shut out from their walks, or seats, or the cool shelter of their umbrageous trees. As the squares are private property, no one can justly complain of their being so dealt with. We should trust, however, that means might be found to open up at least several of these mooping melancholy squares, and lay them out as 'people's pleasure-grounds,' in something like the style of the renovated Leicester Square. A few Mr Grants are wanted!

#### THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

THERE she stands just within the trellised porch,  
Her fair face turned to meet the summer air,  
Half standing, and half leaning lazily  
Against the lattice, thick with flowerets fair.  
Here bend the roses heavy from the stem,  
And spreads the jasmine in profusion sweet;  
The grand westeria droops above her head,  
While pink-fringed daisies blossom at her feet.  
The eglantine caresses her young cheek,  
The soft wind frolics with her shining hair,  
And a truant lock escaped from the band  
Flutters its gold on her forehead fair.  
Her hat hangs listlessly down from her hand,  
While her fingers toy with its ribbons blue;  
From under her simple but dainty dress  
Peeps a tiny foot in a buckled shoe.  
She gazes dreamily out on the scene  
Of coppice, and lane, and sunny field,  
With eyes whose lustre their lashes strive  
In vain to conceal, though they may shield.  
A stillness lies in the scented air,  
A delicious languor broods over all,  
And nought is heard save the hum of bees,  
And the murmur of some brooklet's fall.  
Ask not her thoughts, seek not to understand  
The subjects which engross her maiden mind,  
For if we knew them, they perchance might be  
What in so sweet a place 'twere strange to find.  
But fondly hope that they would be fit theme  
For painter's canvas, or for poet's sonnet;  
How it would mar the tender scene to know,  
*Her thoughts were centred in her next new bonnet!*

On Saturday, August 29, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

#### THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

By the Author of *A Golden Sorrow*.

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